

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

"But the gendarme was mighty easy over it all."—R. L. STEVENSON.

An "extraordinary meeting" of the R.C.M. Magazine Committee was held on Thursday, August 20. It was "extraordinary" in so many ways, that had it arrived at any definite decisions (which, as a matter of fact, it did not do) they could not have been considered as binding upon the Committee as a whole. It may, however, be worth recording its minutes here.

There were present one of the Honorary Secretaries of the R.C.M. Union and the Editor of the R.C.M. Magazine, and the meeting was held on the platform of the Cornavin railway station at Geneva. The Honorary Secretary of the R.C.M. Union, hereinafter alluded to as the Secretary, reported that owing to the military activities of the German Government she had been unable to write the column dealing with the affairs of the R.C.M. Union, and she asked the Editor to communicate with her colleague on his proposed return to England and to extract, if possible, the required article from that colleague. The Editor replied that he would do so, and, pointing to a large suit-case placed in the rack of a third-class carriage, reported that about half the material for the next number of the Magazine was contained in manuscript therein, and that he hoped to carry it with him to England. The proceedings were terminated by the slamming of doors, the blowing of whistles, and the waving of farewells.

These minutes will tell our readers that even so small an organization as our little Magazine has been thrown out of gear to some extent by the events of the last few weeks. We, the Secretary of the Union and the Editor of the Magazine, met by chance. Both had come to Switzerland for holidays; both had been detained there by the closing of the frontiers at the outbreak of the war. We were among the many hundreds of English refugees who had been clamouring at consulates for the past three weeks. Not that either of us individually had been unduly clamorous. I think either could give the other a good character on that score. But the English colony in Switzerland was divided into two classes, one of

which, consisting of people who found themselves penniless in a country where they had no friends, could scarcely have been blamed had they clamoured far more than they did for the means of returning. The other class, to which we belonged, had no such immediate troubles ; our wish to return was primarily the wish to be amongst our own folk and to be ready to take what little share might be allotted to us of the anxieties which we knew were pressing upon our people at home, though in what form we could not know.

We were without definite news from England. Practically no English newspapers had reached Switzerland since the declaration of war ; scarcely any letters dispatched since that date had come through ; the only possible communication had been by telegram, and telegrams took about as long to travel as do the mails in ordinary times. Only telegrams in French were passed. I received one: "Nous allons bien, comment allez vous," followed by a quite indecipherable signature. It had cost several shillings, and all it told me was that somebody was all right and wanted to know how we were. I made a guess at the somebody, sent an answer, and found when I got back that my guess had been quite wrong.

Moreover, without definite news, the wildest rumours were spread abroad of the dangers and difficulties of attempting to travel through France except by the special trains which were constantly promised by the Government and as constantly withheld. It was said that one man had accomplished the journey only at the cost of one hundred and fifty pounds, that English people, even if their passports were in order and they spoke French well, were liable to be detained in mistake for Germans, and that once such a mistake had occurred there was no knowing what the upshot might be. In the circumstances, therefore, one started on the journey from Geneva to Paris with a sense of adventure which the ordinary European tourist never knows.

Switzerland had been a haven for us all. Those who had gone there without friends and without the expectation of needing friends had found them among the Swiss people. The hotel-keepers who accepted cheques which they had no expectation of realizing for many months to come, who even gave board and lodging without immediate payment of any kind, the private citizens who strained their small means in order to relieve alien distress, the shop-keepers who made light of their own losses and did

everything in their power to accommodate impecunious customers, all behaved with a cheerful friendliness which was amazing. Everyone one met had some instance of Swiss kindness to tell. From this haven we were to start into a country which was indeed politically friendly to English folk, but one which, we were told, was nervous, justly suspicious of all foreigners, and together with our own country already in a state of active warfare. We naturally started with some misgivings, but the events proved far less formidable than the rumours.

When the "extraordinary meeting" was terminated as described above, the Editor was on the train, the Secretary remained on the platform, soon to make the same journey with her family, and, it is pleasant to report, to make it successfully. Our party consisted of eight persons, three married couples and two single ladies, who had joined forces without previous acquaintance and were determined to make the journey together on the principle that evils fall more lightly when they are shared. The principle proved a sound one. A third-class carriage at night without lights, without cushions, without any of the amenities of modern travel, is preferable shared by friends to one crowded with strangers whose honesty and sobriety may be in doubt. Sandwiches, chocolate, fruit and cakes—our only food for two days—are certainly nicer when they are offered with a smile from someone else's basket than when they are eaten from a solitary store. We shared and shared alike. These were the conditions to which we had to make up our minds: we were to stop at every station from Geneva to Paris, to change several times, where and when we did not know, to make a rush for the next train carrying our own luggage when we changed, entering each time a train already fuller than the one we had left. We succeeded in keeping together, though we eventually arrived at the Gare de Lyons in a carriage packed with thirteen people.

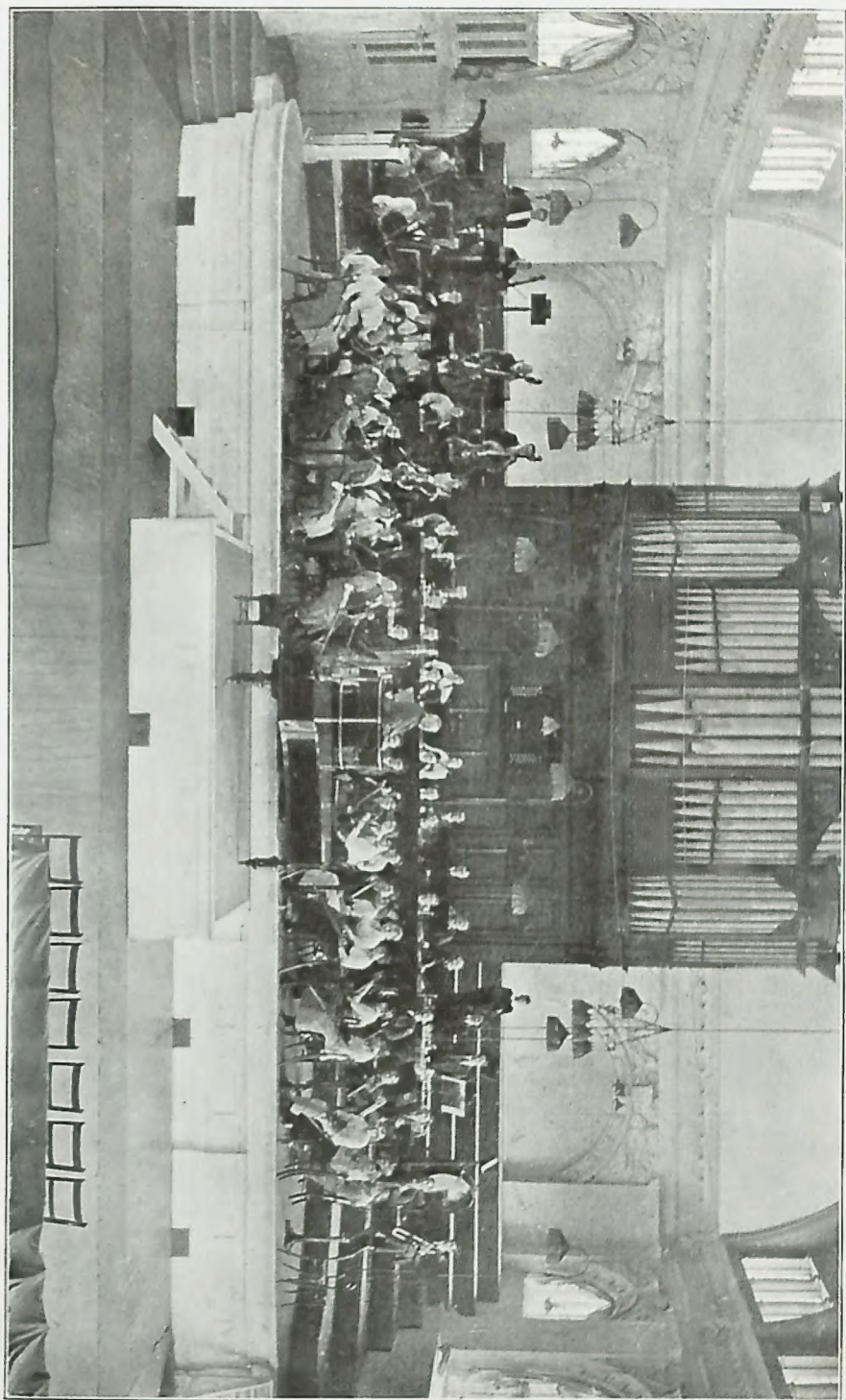
On our way we had several little adventures. At Amberieu the whole trainload of people was turned out of the station for four hours in the dark and the rain, and there was nothing to do but form an encampment sitting on our portmanteaux under the verandah of a closed café. We cheered each other with chocolates, talk and tobacco by the light of one small candle which we begged from the good people of the café. They, like everyone whom we met in France, were full of kindness and good-fellowship, but the law would not allow them to do more for us than they

did. There were pleasant incidents ; the peasant people who entered our carriage for a few stations by day were pathetically agreed that now that the English soldiers had come to France the war must go right ; the gleam of enthusiasm which lit the eyes of a workman on his way to join his regiment when he spread his orders of mobilisation before us was worth coming to see ; the urbanity of a splendid non-commissioned officer who pointed out the commissariat stores for the English troops, and assured us that they would be supplied with every luxury, was comforting. The last grasped each of our hands as he left the carriage, declaring that the English ladies were always gracious, *et aujourd'hui les messieurs aussi !* Among ourselves, too, there was some fun, especially occasioned by an elderly spinster of our party who showed an irresistible propensity to propitiate French soldiers and railway officials by speaking to them in German. There were moments when we feared that her eccentricity might cease to be funny and become serious, especially when she crowned her efforts by calling loudly at the crowded Paris terminus for a *Gepäck-träger*. Yet we all, including the undeserving spinster, escaped unscathed.

Fortune reserved one final blow for us, however, when, arrived at an hotel in Paris, late at night, dead tired and very dirty, we found that no food and no hot water were to be had. We settled the first difficulty by insisting on tea and laying violent hands on the bread and butter reserved for the morning's breakfast, and, like good Britons, we sought the cold water tap.

From Paris the next day our journey was easy. The Nord line was not then cut off as, alas, it is at the time of writing and we arrived at Charing Cross in something under twelve hours.

So the Magazine has succeeded in getting into print, and the last number of Volume X. is offered with this account of a small personal experience by way of introduction, principally because the Editor finds it impossible to write about the great and terrible events which are filling all minds. The physical experience itself would be too small to recount, had it not brought with it a spiritual experience of the extraordinary readiness of people, normally divided by every circumstance of life, to draw together in face of a common difficulty, to share whatever could lessen the difficulty, to bear with one another, to make friends. That is the great compensation of war—it makes comrades.



THE R.C.M. ORCHESTRA AT WORK

Director's Address

MAY 7, 1914

"It is not stronger Will, but higher Right, that bears the title to rule in the societies of men ; and only he who visibly forgets himself, and becomes the organ of a law he did not make and cannot alter, whose will is firm because it is not his own ; but is backed by a divine adamant that cannot yield, can win a loyal and glad obedience."

—MARTINEAU.

Most of you know by this time that when we have had a big clearance of pupils, and especially of scholars, at the end of the College year, just before Easter, we occupy ourselves at the beginning of the Summer term with meditating for a little while on the virtues of the most distinguished of them, with the view of constituting what we call our roll of honour ; which represents not only high efficiency in artistic gifts, but notable qualities of disposition, to which we are prone to pay tribute quite as willingly as to artistic achievement.

There has been indeed a very copious clearance of pupils this time, and among them are a good many whom we shall miss very much. I feel disposed to put in the forefront of those who have served the College most effectually and loyally, Mr John Snowden. He has been one of the most familiar and frequent figures on the front of the platform at a vast number of Chamber Concerts ; and has been equally visible high up aloft at the back of the platform at Orchestral rehearsals and Concerts as leader of the violoncellos ; and in every capacity he has ministered to a sense of confidence that where he is things are sure to be all right. We shall miss the sight of him more than of almost any College pupil of his time, and we shall miss the friendly feeling which is inspired by his personality ; and I am sure that everyone who knows him will wish him well in his future career.

We shall also miss Miss Norah Cordwell, who occupied the interesting position, rare so far, of being the scholar daughter of a former scholar. We often have had occasion to delight in the sensitiveness and the poetry, and the charming interpretative gifts she displayed in her pianoforte playing, and we hope she will find plenty of opportunities to afford to intelligent people outside the College the same pleasure she has afforded us.

In Miss Lilian Burgiss we are losing an exquisite singer, who has already made something of a name for herself outside the College, and is sure to win friends and appreciators wherever she goes, for her charming disposition as much as for her artistic gifts.

Another delightful singer we are losing in the person of Miss Marjorie Lockie, whose voice is of the loveliest, and who sings with intelligence and sympathetic feeling that goes to our hearts. We hope for a distinguished career for her, for her singing must appeal to all people who have any feeling for the finest kind of artistic expression.

The College will also be a loser by the departure of several other admirable singers, such as Miss Congreve Pridgeon, possessed of a noble voice and considerable dramatic instincts ; Miss Clara Simons, most sure in vocal gift and interpretation ; Miss Alice Gear, endowed with a voice of a high order of beauty and great powers of using it effectively ; and Miss Nora Moon, whose vocal and interpretative gifts have often afforded the audiences at our Concerts much pleasure, and who was always ready to take up anything useful that was asked of her in Choral Class or elsewhere.

In the forefront of the Organists we are parting with, we may justly put Mr Cyril Maude, who is one of the most brilliant performers we ever had, and is sure to make a fine position for himself among the leading Organists of the day.

In Mr Craig Lang, the first occupant of the curious Carter Scholarship, we lose a most devoted pupil, whose personality engages our appreciation as much as his compositions interest us.

In Mr Alexander Hall we lose one of the finest trumpeters we ever had, and in Mr Elliott Thompson we lose a most amiable personality, whose aspiring compositions we hope will in due time interest the general public.

There are a good many more departed ones who will worthily uphold the name of Royal Collegian by their artistic efficiency, and also by their estimable personal qualities, and so minister to the general acceptance of that College type to which I have so often referred and long to see established. But I refrain from the pleasure of extending the list to avoid the diminution of its value.

I suppose that most of you have been present on so few of these occasions that your feelings about them are likely to be different from those of such of us as have participated in them for upwards of twenty years. When one has gone through such a vast number of repetitions of a similar procedure it is natural that one should become aware of the inevitableness of routine and also of its risks. I sometimes feel as if we must make a break in the recurrence of these jovial meetings at the beginnings of terms. They recur with such remorseless regularity. Of course,

it is only when I am not at them that I feel this, and I only tell it you because you may apply the moral yourselves when you are feeling aggressively restive under routine.

What saves these meetings from some of the depressing effects of reiteration is that though the same function is repeated at the beginning of every term the great mass of individuals concerned in it is different. The human stream is always moving on, and those who make it come with the differences of personalities and with the changes of mental attitude which are the inevitable results of the constant progress of thought in the world in general. You are probably unconscious that you are different in many ways from the pupils of twenty years ago. But music has changed in that time, and social life has changed a great deal, and the opportunities of life and thought have changed. The pupils of twenty years ago were strenuous and ardent as you are, and many of them have done great things and attained distinguished positions in their particular spheres. They contributed their share to the building up of the spiritual element of the College, but in a slightly different way from what you now do ; and they have brought honour to themselves and the College. And one cannot help recalling sadly that the time of not a few of them has been prematurely cut short, to the world's loss and ours ; as by the death of the lovable Hurlstone, the greatly-gifted Coleridge-Taylor, and now recently of one of the greatest singers we ever produced, Putnam Griswold, who was one of the most widely known Opera singers, though more in other countries than our own owing to the distinguished position he attained soon after leaving the College at the Royal Opera in Berlin.

Their memories we shall always cherish. But there are plenty of fine representatives of the College left, and what is noticeable about the foremost of them is that with the training they got here they developed the largeness of capacity and character, which is a really indispensable accompaniment to artistic gift when a great position is to be attained. We try to help all we can towards such qualities of character, but the achievement always rests finally with the individual. Where the temperamental qualities are insufficient an impressive personality is unattainable. It is merely a simple law of nature that when the vigour of independent personality is insufficient the individual does not emerge from the ruck. And that is why the aspects of routine affect us so mightily. The weaker types are levelled down into the ruck by the pressure of it, but the larger

and stronger natures survive it. It is one of the many instances of apparent inherent antagonism which has to be accepted and made the best of. Routine is an inevitable part of organization. A place like the College could not exist without organization. It is its organization which makes it permanent and effectual. The artistic powers which the College tries to develop could not be dealt with at all without the routine of organisation ; and yet routine and organization can be the deadliest stiflers of your artistic soul. So there is on the one hand the necessity of routine, and on the other the necessity of spiritual freedom and expansion. They seem almost incompatible. You would think the spirit must be utterly imprisoned when it has to be put into such fetters. But then the spirit is, unfortunately, impalpable and nebulous till it learns to define itself. It has to have its energies trained and concentrated before it can effect anything.

There are some natures which easily fall into routine—which merely accept the regular round of what has got to be done ; highly meritorious, worthy, the comfort of their professors, whose lives in course of time become purely mechanical. The common round, the daily task, accepted and done quite respectably, reduces them to automatic machines. It is in truth a form of indolence. They do not keep in mind that everything which is in the highest sense worth doing lies beyond routine. The meaning goes out of all they do. They might as well be winding prayer machines, or repeating nonsense syllables *ad infinitum*. So far as what they do is concerned all the interest is gone ; and if they look for interest in life, as everyone should, they have to find it elsewhere than in what ought to be their life's work.

It is the constant danger of every place which concerns itself with teaching that the necessity of getting things exact in detail tends to grind out the realization of meaning. It is the great drawback of examinations, for instance, that the necessity of making sure of the letter in order to pass certain mechanical tests causes the spirit to be lost sight of. Examinations have to be so very exacting about the letter, and take so little heed of the spirit, that unless the person who has to be tested in examinations has great facility or great endurance in mastering the letter he arrives at the winning post with but little consciousness that there is such a thing as spirit to worry about. Yet the spirit is the supreme essential, and it is the thing that has to be kept in sight through all the

struggles with the letter. The object of the letter is to convey the message of the spirit, and it is more essential in music than anything else. But what the flesh has to endure in mastering the letter seems almost insuperable. There seems to be a sort of cruelty in having to repeat the things that have to be mastered over and over again, for whatever is repeated over and over again is liable to become a formula and to cease to have meaning. Yet things cannot be mastered without repeating them over and over again, and the process of mastering them seems to nullify the value of possession. So the impatient spectator might conclude that mastery is impossible except at too great a cost, and that it would be better to try to render the spirit by a vague shuffle of the terms which have to be used. But we all know what the result of that kind of procedure is—how utterly fallacious—how liable to misrepresent the intention of the composer, and replace it by the trivial personal folly of the performer.

But in truth these antagonisms are present in every situation in life. All progress is made by the accommodation of things which seem to contradict one another. The life of the world is an oscillation between opposing forces ; and where human beings are concerned it is helpful for them to get an idea of what the opposites are and what they respectively stand for. For those who only see one of the opposing tendencies have only a small half of the forces at command. Each opposite is a check upon the excess and exuberance of the other opposite, and ministers to its vigour and effectualness ; and only those whose understanding is pitifully limited suppose that the type of force or procedure which happens to be uncongenial can be ignored as if it did not exist. One knows types on both sides. Some people believe that exactitude to the letter is the one essential thing to aim at ; some rebel against the tyranny of the letter and want to get to the spirit without paying due respect to the inevitable means. The first become machines and the second become shuffling amateurs. We do not want to be either, so we must look for a way to escape.

The first thing which is essential when one wants to escape an evil is to have a clear idea of it. You cannot escape a thing if you do not know what it is. In this case it is merely a question of an antagonism in which it is necessary to locate the two sides and gauge what may be called their respective business. The thing we have to fight with ourselves not to forget or lose sight of is that the routine and the mechanical work are not

ends in themselves, but means to an end. The essential point in everything that can be thought is and must be the apprehension of its meaning. Getting to the meaning of a thing is making it our own. It is the spiritual form of property as distinguished from material property, and has the enormous advantage that it cannot ever be an exclusive possession. It is at the same time personal property and universal property, and its possession is the only way to convey it to others and make them sharers in our possessions.

Those who make others feel what they offer them in the shape of art are such as are most fully inspired by the spirit, who feel the music they render and are not merely content with doing what they have been told to do. The really great performers are those who feel deeply and convey the depth and fervour of their feeling by the complete mastery of mechanical necessities. As long as the mind is hopelessly engaged in mechanical things performers might as well be pianolas or grinder organs. If the fervour of the spirit is quenched in the difficulties of pronunciation there can be no message that is worth anything to those that hear. Great natures are such as can bear the drudgery with unfaltering patience because the ardour to get the power of expression sustains them through it ; and even those who are not so fortunate as to have great natures may make something of their lives if they can sustain their interest in the meaning of things.

Being interested is one of the surest resources for enjoying life. In all people's lives it is a prime necessity to have something that is deeply interesting. Waste of life lies in the lack of it. So to people who are making Art their chief object in life it is of first importance to maintain their interest in things artistic—A genuine, live interest which is not deceived into thinking that the mere vanquishment of difficulties, or even triumph over rivals in their vanquishment, is a sufficient object for existence, and which realises that to be really alive is to get to the meaning and spirit of things and convey them to others, and so really achieve something for the world.

The greatest teachers are those who teach people to find out things for themselves—who teach that only a very little of what has to be learnt can be taught, and who inspire those they teach to go on climbing in the direction of things which they cannot teach them. That is the way in which the progress of thought and understanding is maintained. That

is the way in which interest can be sustained. But running through it all is the necessity for organization, for that which is not organized is ineffectual. And organization implies routine. But routine, when rightly understood, becomes the minister and trusty servant of the spirit. The spirit which is not expressed in definite and intelligible fashion is wasted. It is no more than vague aspiration. It must be expressed in definite terms, and the terms can only be learnt through submission to the only conditions of learning that are available to us. Routine is irksome to young and aspiring dispositions, and old and experienced people are quite able to sympathize with them. If the old people have any sense they must prefer the natures which rebel against routine to the natures that contentedly submit to it; for they know that if the conflicting impulses can be adjusted much more is likely to come out of the rebels than out of those who peaceably submit. But the adjustment is inevitable—without it is mere waste—with it alone is the means provided for communicating the spirit, and making things alive which routine would reduce to the deadly torpor of conventions. Out of the adjustment of things in conflict life is born.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

The R.C.M. Union

"Is not the question one of money? she said shyly."—MEREDITH.

THE ANNUAL "AT HOME."

The Annual "At Home" took place on Thursday, July 25, in the Concert Hall of the College, and was attended, as in former years, by a large number of members and guests. It was a great disappointment to all that our Hon. Treasurer, Mr Pownall, was unable to be with us on this occasion, on account of his health. This was the first time in the history of the Union that Mr Pownall had not been at the "At Home," and his absence was most keenly felt.

A very hearty vote of thanks was passed by the General Committee to all who so kindly took part in the programme; also to Mr Visetti for his continued generosity in giving the flowers.

The Hon. Secretaries wish to take this opportunity of thanking the staff most sincerely for their help and co-operation in carrying out all the

various arrangements so essential to the success of the evening. Special thanks are due to Miss Gladys Raymond, Miss Margaret Stoddart, and Mr Sydney Shimmin for much valuable secretarial help.

MEETING AT MEMBER'S HOUSE

A most enjoyable afternoon meeting was held on Saturday, July 11, at 8, Marryat Road, Wimbledon Common, by the kind invitation of Miss Katherine Everett. The programme was as follows:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Miniature Fantasia in F minor and major
<i>Eugène Goossens, Jr.</i> | 3. SONGS <i>a. Gestillte Sehnsucht } Brahms</i>
<i>b. Geistliches Wiegenlied }</i> |
| Mr EUGÈNE GOOSSENS | Miss PHYLLIS HOWSE |
| Mr ERNEST YONGE | Viola obbligato .. Miss REBECCA CLARKE |
| Mr THOMAS PEATFIELD | At the Piano .. Miss DOROTHY GRASON |
| Mr CEDRIC SHARPE | |
| 2. PIANO SOLOS— | 4. TRIO in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Piano,
Violin and Violoncello .. <i>Beethoven</i> |
| <i>a. Reflets dans l'eau .. Debussy</i> | Miss EDITH IVIMEY |
| <i>b. Scherzo Fantastique .. Haydn Wood</i> | Miss HELEN GOUGH |
| Miss OLIVE BLUME | Miss HELEN BEECHING |

ELECTION TO COMMITTEE

One casual vacancy having occurred on the General Committee, Mr Arthur Benjamin was elected in the place of Mr Harold Hight, who has now ceased to be a present pupil of the College.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

All subscriptions to the Union become due on November 1. The Hon. Secretaries most earnestly ask that subscriptions may be sent in punctually, and would like to remind members that the Magazine cannot be sent to those whose subscriptions are not paid within three months of the date upon which they become due. Those members who subscribe 5s. are reminded that they may send four years' subscription in advance, should they prefer to do so.

MARION M. SCOTT	} <i>Hon. Secretaries</i>
A. BEATRIX DARNELL	

Two Holiday Pictures.

I. SONGS AND SOLDIERING IN DONEGAL.

"*Me self could lift a song.*"—MOIRA O'NEILL.

I wonder how many people who know Irish music have heard it as I did this summer. It was something of a revelation to me to find that there was scarcely a man or woman in the village in which I was staying who was not ready to sing song after song to us—all in the Gaelic tongue,

and all old and full of beauty. The village was near the coast, surrounded by black bog-land and patches of purple heather, and with a long background of blue sea, in which there nestled what seemed a fairy island, so faint and delicate appeared its pale cliffs.

On that island no English is spoken, and only Irish songs are sung ; and if you pay it a visit you must make up your mind that it may be many days before the sea will allow you to return, so sudden and fierce are the storms there. The first music I heard was in the little Gaelic College where twice a week the whole village assembles for songs and dancing. One after another stood up and sang these old, plaintive Irish tunes, with wonderfully sure pitch and intonation, the rest of us joining in the chorus if there were one.

Perhaps the most interesting singing we heard was that of a very old woman who lived in a tiny cottage with her man, whom, she informed us, she had " taken when he was a boy " and had never regretted it. He was a weaver and his loom nearly filled the little room. He stopped working that we might hear her sing and the sound she made was somewhat startling. Her voice was a deep bass, and she filled the cottage with a big droning sound, from which at first it was difficult to grasp the curious old tunes she sang, but as every song had many verses we had time to listen and they were certainly worth hearing.

The difficulty of taking down the songs, however, is great, as the singer finds it hard to repeat a single phrase and generally sings the whole verse through if you ask for a repetition ; and if your Gaelic is weak there is the further difficulty of making it clear which phrase you want repeated.

Our holiday however was not all play. The Volunteers were doing very good work and 60 men met in the Gaelic College to drill. Fine men they were, too, and many of them walked miles over the bog-land when their work was done and spent the rest of the evening in drilling.

I never stayed in a village where the people were so keen and hard-working and full of enthusiasm, and the contrast struck me with concern when I went to a recruiting meeting in a village in Berkshire and heard the speakers, with great difficulty, persuade one man to volunteer after an hour's talking.

M.E.C.

II. THE COBBLER IN THE TOWER.

"Thy fortress and thy ease."—HENRY VAUGHAN.

In summer sunshine Rothenburg lies glowing, set like a solitary jewel in the girdle of the hills. It is remote from all stir on these July days, untroubled surely by any presage of the storm. The walls which still encircle the town, the towers which form look-out places upon all the surrounding country, the battlements, the gateways all tell their tale of war and hate. But it is an old tale mellowed into forgetfulness, as the stones of the place are mellowed into grace by the passage of the years. In every nook of the gateways flowers cluster—glowing geraniums, drooping heads of carnation—in every curve of the moat apple and pear trees carry a brave burden of fruit; from far below the steady pulsing sound of the river Tauber rises through the quiet air. The eye, wearied perhaps by larger views or grander sights than these, rests with delight upon each simple device of the old builders: the gable roofs, the noble gates, and above all upon the towers—for Rothenburg rejoices in towers innumerable, towers of every shape and size, as diverse in character as the children of men; here is the solid front of the Burgturm, there the impertinent night-cap which crowns one of the battlements, and best of all in the centre springs the crown of towers—the Rathausturm, slender as a lance against the sky. And after a while, when one has stood beneath it on every side, when one has listened to the trumpeters at noon playing the old Chorales from its summit—east and west and north and south—as they have done for so many years one can stay below no longer. It is a climb in darkness and with a bewildering number of turns, a climb which leads at last to the tiny room at the top and from there through a trap-door on to the narrow gallery outside the tower. Rothenburg lies far below looking like an old map come suddenly to life; each house and alley and garden is clear in every detail and beyond the walls the corn lands and the woods and the uplands stretch out as far as eye can see.

Within the tiny square room the guardian sits on the look-out. And if in all that wide expanse he sees a sign of fire he must sound the warning bell—the "Sturmglöcke." But there are not many fires and the guardian plies his trade of shoemaker contentedly as his twelve hours of duty pass. He has grown calm up there in the sky, this little Bavarian cobbler;

shoe-soles give one plenty of food for thought. There are for example those tiresome ones which repay no honest workman because they are made in a factory—his scorn was pleasing. Then again there are shoes, rare now as first editions it seems, so well fitted and made by hand—remember, all by hand—that they last year after year and bear as many patches as an old warrior bears honourable scars. And every other minute he rises and looks out of his windows, with his face a little puckered as sailors' faces are, and sees that all is well. So we talk, and down below the shadows lengthen in the streets. "Na," he says, "it is pleasant, this; with those others," waving a vague hand, "those Americans, there is no entertainment possible—never two words do they know—and I for one entertain myself so gladly, it is a pity." Yes; it is a quiet life, and in winter very cold but there are the trumpeters at noon and there is always "the little bit of work," and so time passes.

Good friend, where are you now? Is the tower still quiet in the amber light and are you still humming as you ply your trade? We like to think it; and perhaps some day the sight of your tower standing in grace may bring home to your countrymen not only an undying shame for the towers they have defaced, but also an undying hope that out of the dust of their disgrace stone by stone they may learn to build a new tower, more beautiful even than yours of Rothenburg—a tower whose foundation is peace and whose pinnacle is chivalry.

H.J.C.

College Concerts

*"That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord.*

—MILTON.

Thursday, May 28 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in F major, Op. 135
Beethoven
ELSIE M. DUDDING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY THUILL (Scholar)
2. SONG .. *J'ai pleuré en rêve. Georges Hue*
EVA A. BAYLEY
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS .. *"Iberia" .. Albéniz*
a. Evocation
b. El Puerto
c. Fête-Dieu à Seville
KATHLEEN LONG (Scholar)

4. SONGS .. a. I attempt from love's
sickness to fly
b. Nymphs & shepherds } *Purell*
GLADYS THOMAS, A.R.C.M.
5. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violin, in C sharp
minor, Op. 21 .. *E. von Dohnany*
SEPTIMUS C. DE VILLERS
F. PURCELL WARREN (Scholar)
6. SONGS .. a. *Zueignung .. R. Strauss*
b. *Von ewiger Liebe .. Brahms*
CHARLOTTE CUNNINGHAM (Exhibitioner)
7. ORGAN SOLO Variations de Concert .. *J. Bonnet*
HAROLD E. WYLDE, A.R.C.M.

Accompanists—
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Thursday, June 11 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in E flat major (K. 428) *Mozart*
W. GEORGE WHITAKER
MAUD GOLD (Scholar)
SYBIL MATHURIN, A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
2. SONGS *a. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*
b. My heart's in the High-lands } *Schumann*
MARI EDWARDS A.R.C.M.
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. Sonata, No. 2, in E flat major *Clementi*
MILDRED M. MARRIOTT (Clementi Exhibitioner, A.R.C.M.)
4. SONGS *a. Mephistopheles's Song* .. *Moussorgsky*
b. Benediction *Tchaikovsky*
ARTHUR C. HOPPER

5. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS *a. Largo* .. *Chopin*
b. Rondo *Dvorak*
DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
 6. SONGS .. *a. La Sarabande* .. *A. Bruneau*
b. Lucia *Luzzi*
c. The Daisies .. *H. Walford Davies*
IDWEN THOMAS (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 7. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in E flat major, Op. 87 *Dvorak*
WINIFRED McBRIDE (Scholar)
F. PURCELL WARREN (Scholar)
JANET MACFIE, A.R.C.M.
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)
- Accompanists—
LILY MINES (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

Friday, June 19 (Orchestral).

1. OVERTURE King Lear, Op. 4 .. *Berlioz*
2. INTRODUCTION & ALLEGRO for Harp and Orchestra *M. Ravel*
KATE L. WILSON (Scholar)
3. SONG .. Fingert an (*Die Meisterlerner*) *Wagner*
THOMAS G. WALTERS (Scholar)

4. SYMPHONY, No. 3, in F major, Op. 90 *Brahms*
5. SONG .. Mephistopheles's Song .. *Moussorgsky*
ARTHUR C. HOPPER
6. SIEGFRIED'S RHEINFAHRT (*Götterdämmerung*) *Wagner*
Conductor—
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

Thursday, July 2 (Chamber).

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2 *Beethoven*
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATHURIN, A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY THUELL (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. *a. Maman, dites-moi* .. *Weckerlin*
b. Romance *C. Debussy*
c. Nymphes of Sylvain .. *H. Benberg*
EDITH F. IVIMY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. Fantasia, in E flat major, Op. 70 *A. C. Mackenzie*
SEPTIMUS C. DE VILLIERS
4. SONGS .. *a. The Primrose* .. *Joseph S. Moorat*
b. Shepherd! thy de-meadow vary *Thomas Brown*
(Arr. by H. Lane Wilson)
HILDA WHITHOUSE VINCENT, A.R.C.M.

5. A MOSAIC in ten pieces, for Clarinet and Piano *R. H. Walthew*
LEO F. DAWES (Scholar)
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)
 6. SONGS *a. Gretchen am Spinnrade* } *Schubert*
b. Das Fischermädchen }
ETHEL F. TOMS (Exhibitioner)
 7. QUARTET for Strings, in A minor, Op. 51, No. 2 *Brahms*
IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
MARGARET STODDART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATHURIN, A.R.C.M.
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)
- Accompanists—
DOROTHY GRASON, A.R.C.M.
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

Thursday, July 16 (Chamber).

1. QUINTET for Pianoforte, Strings and Wind, in E flat major, Op. 3 .. *Thomas F. Dunhill*
(Ex-Scholar)
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)
F. PURCELL WARREN (Scholar)
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)
KENE S. CAPRERA (Scholar)
AUBREY COCKS-THORNER (Scholar)
2. SONGS *a. Der Doppelgänger*
b. Gruppe aus dem Tartarus } *Schubert*
WALTER J. SAYLE (Scholar)
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLO .. Elegie .. *G. Fauré*
THELMA F. DANDRIDGE (Scholar)
4. SONGS *a. Faithless Shepherdess* } *Roger Quilter*
b. Fair house of joy }
BLAISE BATES

5. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. Fantasia Orientale "Islamey" .. *Balakirev*
HENRY P. MYLSON (Scholar)
 6. SONGS .. *a. Give a rouse* .. *Davidson Arnott*
b. Marching along .. *Maudie V. White*
JOHN W. HUNTINGTON (Scholar)
 7. QUINTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in A major, Op. 81 *Dvorak*
ROSALIE M. STOKES (Exhibitioner)
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)
ELISE M. DUDING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
REBECCA CLARKE
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)
- Accompanists—
ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN (Scholar)
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE
HARRY STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

Tuesday, July 21 (Orchestral).

1. SYMPHONY in C major (*Jupiter* : K. 551) *Mozart*
2. CANTATA .. Schlage doch .. *Bach*
ELLY FERGUSON (Exhibitioner)
3. CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra, in G minor, Op. 26 *Mai Bruch*
JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

4. BALLET .. Sylvia .. *Delibes*
5. SONG .. Fluccvanle stelle (*La Tosca*) *G. Puccini*
JACOB WILLIAMSON (Scholar)
6. WALTZ Wein, Weib und Gesang, Op. 333 *Joh. Strauss*
Conductor—
SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

The R.C.M. Union 'At Home.'

*"Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings.
Let the music likewise be sharp and loud, and well-placed. . . .
But all is nothing except the room be kept clear and neat."*—BACON.

I have a dim remembrance of a criticism of Milton which sought to establish his supremacy as an epic poet on the ground that his illustrious predecessors had used up most of the good ideas before his time, and that the difficulty of original composition was in consequence immensely increased in his case. I trust that whoever reads these lines will persuade himself, at least temporarily, that the judgment I have quoted is sound in principle. When it is remembered that I have undertaken to give some account of the *ninth* annual "at home" of the R.C.M. Union, and that the preceding eight functions of the kind have been chronicled in the pages of this Magazine by a succession of eloquent pens, the discouraging resemblance between my position and Milton's must be obvious!

The main difficulty is at the same time the chief source of rejoicing *i.e.*, that the party of 1914 showed a very noticeable family likeness to those of former years. In fact, the honorary secretaries seem to have devised a form of entertainment which may lay claim to the kind of perfection that used to be attributed to the ancient, unwritten, British Constitution! Whether, in the course of time, say in a hundred years or so, the future members of the R.C.M. Union will begin to find flaws and cracks in *their* constitutional edifice, and rebelling against the arbitrary decrees of some twenty-first century hereditary-House-of-Lords-like, Union Committee, will rise and —— But this is dangerous ground, and we seem far enough from any such awful prospect!

One feature, of course, happily contrasted this year's "at home" with the preceding one: the Director was with us again in person. His telegrams, to be sure, have a characteristic flavour of their own, and his spirit is always with us; but so long as we continue to be human, we shall find a satisfaction in his bodily presence, which cannot be got in any other way. So we beg to invoke the aid of superstition to give to the year 1913, in this respect, all the lonely distinction that we desire.

The evening's music was as varied and as uniform in its high quality as ever, thanks to the kindness of the eminent professors, old students, and present students, who contributed. The part songs which Mr T. F. Dunhill conducted and the songs which Mr H. Plunket Greene sang (accompanied by Miss Constance Greene) were outstanding features in a programme which was delightful throughout. Among the latter, Dr Walford Davies's "When Childher Plays"—an exquisite breath of youth—and Sir Hubert Parry's irresistibly humorous setting of "The Laird o' Cockpen" gave peculiar pleasure. The customary appeal to our sense of humour was occasioned by the welcome re-appearance of four distinguished comedians who are familiar as the members of one of our leading string quartets. Their reputation in their normal capacity is secure; otherwise one might imagine their feeling a certain amount of alarm, lest some stray visitor to our concert hall on June 25 should attempt to entice them into a permanent engagement as purveyors of "variety" entertainment! A more extraordinary exhibition of proficiency on every kind of musical and unmusical instrument, from a trombone to an "electric" nose, it is surely difficult to conceive.

The cheerful crowd in the examination room testified once more to the excellence of the "refreshments," and the kindly dispensers' activity seemed to suggest that to them the usual rule, which allots two arms and two legs to each individual of our species, did not apply! In much the same way, it is on these occasions taken for granted that the laws of the universe are to some extent suspended; at least, that the march of time is arrested. Our watches might tell us that the final item in the programme was reached after eleven o'clock, but no "R.C.M. Unionist" could possibly believe it, and there was the usual reluctance to do anything so patently unreasonable as to go home. That in itself seems the most practical form of thanks, but here we must put our thanks into words, and we do so with the utmost heartiness. We thank the Honorary Secretaries of the Union for the untiring energy which they devoted to the difficult problem of organization; we thank the artists who took part in the programme and the various members of the College staff who undertook the decoration of the hall and garden, the provision of refreshments, the ticketing and labelling of our hats and coats, and many other details, some of them perhaps hardly regarded by those who enjoyed the party, but all essential to its success.

PART SONGS—

Romances for Female Voices, Op. 69 & 91 Schumann

- (a) Waldmädchen
 (b) Das verlassene Magdlein
 (c) Tamburinschlagerin

Conductor—

Mr THOMAS F. DUNHILL

Choir of past and present Pupils of the College

- SONGS (a) Mädchenlied *Raff*
 (b) Turn ye to me *arr. by Monk Gould*
 (Old Highland Air)

- (c) Il lacerato spirito *V'ardi*
 (from Opera "Simon Boccanegra")

Mr JAMIESON DODDS

"CHIPS FROM AN OLD BLOCK," presenting—

JAMES HERBERT IVOR MORRIS
 FRANK KINZE and THOMAS BRIDGE

INTERVAL

- SONGS (a) "Der Leiermann" } *Schubert*
 (b) "Das Wandern" }
 (c) "Es blinkt der Thau" *Rubinstein*
 (d) "Vergebliches Standchen" *Brahms*
 (e) "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" *Roger Quilter*
 (f) "When Childher Plays" *Walford Davies*
 (g) "The Laird o' Cockpen" *Hubert Parry*
 (h) "Corinna's going a-Maying" *Ernest Walker*

Mr H. PLUNKET GREENE

Kindly accompanied by Miss CONSTANCE GREENE

INTERVAL

- SONGS (a) Les Larmes (Werther) *Massenet*
 (b) Treue Liebe }
 (c) Der Schmied } *Brahms*
 Miss MURIEL TERRY

The Helpmates

(Devonshire)

My dame's cottage has a bright brass latch,
 Voine clay chimneys and a new yaller thatch ;
 And the zmoke of 'er zupper at t'evenin' hour
 Do be growen out o' chimney-pot like a blue vlower.

My dame's cottage has a path o' cobble-zet
 Owl-zpy windur wi' a red mignonette,
 Which yesterday when I wur come a-peepen at my dame,
 'Twur a gleamin' in the window-glass just like a vlamc.

O' the red mignonette I ha' plucked me a torch,
 But 'er zaid 'twudn' guide me no funder than the porch,
 An' when I wished a blossom o' the pale blue zmoke
 'Er axed if that or zupper 'ud be the better joke !

B. M. DUNN.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"Two things are essential to the realization of the progress we seek : the declaration of a principle and its incarnation in action."

MAZZINI.

THE THOMAS DUNHILL CHAMBER CONCERTS

The Eighth Series of these concerts took place in June, when several works of interest received their first performance. At the first concert a clarinet sonata by Dr C. H. Lloyd, a clarinet trio by Mr John Ireland, and variations by Mr Dunhill on "Sally in our Alley" made a highly interesting scheme.

Dr Charles Wood's new quartet in E flat major was the most important work performed at the second concert. This work, which was composed in August, 1912, is in the usual four movements ; its general character is Irish in feeling, but no actual folk-songs are introduced. It was played by the Grimson Quartet, who also performed for the first time a string quartet by Mr R. O. Morris. Miss Margaret Champneys sang two new songs by Harold Darke at the same concert.

At the last concert some songs by Malcolm Davidson were sung by Miss Dilys Jones and Mr Dunhill's quartet for piano and strings, Op. 16, was performed by Miss Marjorie Hayward, Miss Rebecca Clarke, Miss May Mukle, and the Composer.

ALBERT HALL

Madame Clara Butt and Mr Kennerley Rumford marked their return to England "after their successful tours of Australasia, Canada and United States," by giving a concert on Saturday afternoon, June 6. Needless to say, they were both heartily welcomed. Their programme included Sir Charles Stanford's "Johneen," Dr Davies's "Jocund Dance" and "When Childher Plays," and also R. Loughborough's "Women of Inver."

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN MUSICIANS gave an interesting Concert at the Æolian Hall on June 30 in honour of the visit of the President, Madame Chaminade, who took part in performances of several of her compositions, including a trio for piano, violin and violoncello in A minor, Op. 34. Two delightful songs by Miss Marion Scott were sung for the first time in public by Mr Ernest Groom. They are set to poems by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Songs by Miss Lucie Johnstone and Miss Saumarez Smith were also sung by Miss Ada Crossley.

LONDON INTIME CHAMBER CONCERTS. Two Collegians, Mr Lloyd Powell and Mr Gwynne Davies, took part in the series of concerts which were given during June at the Concert Studio, 46, Berners Street, for the performance of the musical novelty "A Phantasy of Life," composed and arranged by Michael Zacharewitsch. At the first concert, Mr Lloyd Powell joined with Mr Zacharewitsch in a performance of the "Kreutzer" Sonata, and at other concerts of the series played Chopin's "Ballad in G minor," Bach's "Toccata in C minor" and two pieces by Arnold Bax and Balakirev.

RECITALS

Miss Agnes Nicholls gave a delightful recital at the Bechstein Hall on June 1, with Mr Hamilton Harty at the piano. Her programme included a cycle of songs by Mr Harty, and she also sang, amongst other things, two little songs by Dr Davies, "Infant Joy" and "The Ship."

The Misses May and Beatrice Harrison gave a joint recital at the Bechstein Hall on May 1. Miss May Harrison played Tartini's "Le Trille du Diable," a "Romance," by Rachmaninov and "Rapsodia Piemontese" by Sinigaglia, and her sister a sonata by Valentini and Tchaikovsky's "Variations sur un Thème Rococo."

Miss Beatrice Dunn and Mr Clive Carey gave a recital with Miss Christian Keay at the Grafton Galleries, in June, and delighted the audience with their singing of various folk-songs, solos and duets.

Two recitals have been given by Miss Nora Moon at the Bechstein Hall.

Miss Marjorie Adam gave a piano recital at the Bechstein Hall on July 1.

Miss Polyxena Fletcher and Miss Marie Motto gave a joint recital at the Æolian Hall on June 13.

Miss Vaughan Sparkes gave a very successful violin recital on June 19 at Mrs Boughey's house in Courtfield Gardens. The programme included pieces by Bach, Handel, Gluck, Ries, Veracini and modern composers. Miss Sparkes also played at Mr Hollman's Matinée Musicale on July 6. Miss Florence Mellors sang some songs.

IN THE PROVINCES

PETERBOROUGH

An interesting concert took place in the Grand Assembly Rooms on May 22, at which two Collegians, Miss Norah Dawnay and Miss Idwen Thomas, took part. The former sang two old airs, one arranged by Sir Hubert Parry, "At the Mid Hour of Night," and the other by Herbert Hughes, "I know Where I'm Going." Mr Gervase Elwes also sang two songs by Dr Vaughan Williams. Mr Weldon Bonheur joined these three artists in a performance of Dr Davies's three new vocal Quartets, "She is not Fair," "Come Live with Me," and "Love's Tranquility," and Miss Thomas also sang "The Daisies" by the same composer.

OXFORD

The Bach Festival, which eclipsed all other musical events of the term, was held on May 13, 14, and 15. The first concert was held in New College Chapel, the programme consisting of two Cantatas, the Magnificat in D, and two Arias for soprano and contralto, sung respectively by Miss Hilda Foster and Miss Norah Dawnay. Dr Harwood played organ solos at the commencement and conclusion of the programme. The second concert, given in the Town Hall, was devoted mainly to orchestral music. At the third concert, three Motets were admirably sung by the Choir, the interpretation of "Come, Jesu, Come," being especially fine. Organ solos contributed by Sir Walter Parratt, a group of songs by Miss Hilda Foster, and the Chaconne for solo violin by Mr W. H. Reed completed the programme. The last concert was devoted to the Mass in B minor, which received a splendid performance, Dr Allen being most enthusiastically applauded at the conclusion.

The Keble College Summer Concert took place on May 27, the last day of Eight's Week. The programme included Sir Charles Stanford's Songs of the Fleet (Soloist, Mr H. P. Veazie), Wagner's prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, Debussy's dances for harp and strings, and one or two other orchestral works. Mr D. G. A. Fox, the organ scholar, conducted.

On June 16, the Professor of Music, Sir Walter Parratt, gave his terminal Lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre to an appreciative audience, the subject being "The Organ as a Mock Orchestra." The illustrations were played on the organ by Dr Allen, Mr H. G. Ley, and Mr Fox.

BIRMINGHAM

At the Theatre Royal Promenade Concert on Monday, June 22, Mr Marmaduke Barton played Beethoven's concerto in C minor, with orchestra under the conductorship of Landon Ronald. In response to an encore he played a lyrical composition of his own entitled "Albumblatt."

HASTINGS

Miss Annie Kenwood has given a series of four Subscription Chamber Concerts at the Albany Hotel, at which several Collegians have taken part. The first concert, on November 29, consisted of examples of modern French music, including string quartets by Debussy and Ravel, played by the Solly Quartet. The second concert was a sonata recital, at which Miss Kenwood played a violin sonata in C minor by Leclair, and Miss Ellen Edwards a piano sonata. On January 17, at the third concert of the series, Mr Thomas Dunhill's Fantasia Trio in E flat was performed, and Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata was played by Mr James Friskin. The programme of the last concert contained some interesting solos for the viola da gamba and harpsichord.

NEWCASTLE

The Harmonic Society. The second concert of the season took place on March 25, when Schubert's "Song of Miriam" and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" were sung under the conductorship of Mr Edgar Bainton. Two Northumbrian folk-songs arranged by W. G. Whittaker, and choral variations on the folk-song "Young Herchard," were included in the programme.

The Musical Society. At the chamber concert given on March 11, two quintets for piano and strings, by Brahms and Dvorák, and Mr Frank Bridge's Fantasy Trio were performed. Mr Alfred Wall, the Hon. Musical Director, and Mr Edward Mason took part in the concert.

The Philharmonic Orchestra. The last of a highly successful series of Sunday evening concerts, under the direction of Mr E. C. Bainton, was given on April 5, when the programme included "Three Romantic Idylls" by Mr Alfred Wall, and the "Mock Morris" by Percy Grainger.

OUNDLIE SCHOOL. The Annual Midsummer Concert was held on July 4, when the School Choir and Orchestra, conducted by Mr Clement M Spurling, took part in an interesting programme of music, which included the following:—A unison song

"You'll Get There" by Sir Hubert Parry, "Ethiopia Saluting the Colours" by Charles Wood, "Viking Song" by Coleridge-Taylor, "The Old Navy" by Walford Davies, and the school song, "Carmen Undeliense" by C. M. Spurling.

On the following day, Sunday, July 5, an organ recital was given in the Great Hall, when the programme included J. S. Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in C major," and Karg-Elert's "Pastelles."

PLYMOUTH

Miss Florence Smith writes :—"The Plymouth Subscription Musical Matinées, for which I stand sponsor, are now entering upon their fourth series, and that the local interest and support accorded to them is growing, although slowly, is in itself a matter of much satisfaction. Last season's concerts included a farewell recital by Sir George Henschel, and the occasion was a memorable one. The Royal Collegians who took part during the season were, beside ourselves, Miss Winifred Smith, whose playing of Bach's A minor concerto was a joy to listen to, and the English String Quartet, who created great enthusiasm, and are coming again this winter in response to a much-voiced request. Mr and Mrs Hamilton Harty have promised to give a joint Recital one afternoon, too."

DUBLIN

Miss Dorothy Bewley writes :—"I am sorry Dublin can contribute so little news to the Magazine, but there are very few representatives of the College over here, and we go on in a hum-drum way. The only thing I can think of is connected with myself, and that is that my setting of 'The Music Makers,' by O' Shaunessy, was performed at the Alexandra College during this term. It is a part song for female voices, and was written for the occasion of Commemoration, which is held every second year, and it was performed by the choral class in the College."

CAPE TOWN

IN THE COLONIES

Miss Anna Marsh played Grieg's piano concerto with the new Municipal Orchestra in the City Hall last April, and did full justice to the unique qualities of the work. Miss Marsh writes "that Cape Town seems totally different since the debut of the Municipal Orchestra. Two Academy girls are in it, and two men, too. The Orchestra consists of 25 members, all professional, and the symphony concerts have started. So we feel quite London-like!" Miss Marsh has been invited to play Macdowell's concerto later on.

Miss Marjorie Thompson's first concert in Cape Town was an undoubted success. According to the *South African News* Miss Thompson has a soprano voice of velvety softness, delicious purity, and splendid range. Her enunciation is not as yet as perfect as is desirable for a place like the City Hall, but she scored an immediate triumph with her first numbers 'Die Lotusblume' and 'Frühlingnacht,' by Schumann, and sealed it with a 'Pastoral'—for both she was heartily encored.

PIETERMARITZBURG

Mr Percival Kirby writes from Pietermaritzburg that he finds life interesting there, although "the better sort of music does not gain the attention it should."

MONTREAL

Mr Arthur Egg, organist of Christ Church Cathedral, has sent us a report of the music performed there during the Season 1913-1914. The list of composers represented is a worthy one, and shows that Mr Egg is developing the splendid work of his predecessor and doing his share in forming healthy traditions.

CHURCH MUSIC

The scheme of music sung at Westminster Cathedral under Dr Terry's guidance during Holy Week, was of great interest, for it included rare examples of various schools of Church Music, and, in particular, some interesting compositions by Englishmen of the 10th and 17th Centuries. Several new works were included, and amongst them one of special interest to Collegians—a new "Nunc Dimittis," by H. N. Howells, a composition scholar.

Dr Walford Davies's "Five Sayings of Jesus" was sung by the choir of St. James's Church, Paddington, at the Dedication Festival, on May 13. Mr Stanley Stubbs played the organ, and nearly all the members of the string orchestra were Collegians. Mr Harold Darke conducted.

Mr Herbert Hodge included the Test Pieces set for the R.C.O. examinations in July, in the programmes of his weekly organ recitals at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, and has again issued the helpful list of errors which he has found in the published editions of those pieces. Mr Hodge also gave a recital at St. Magnus-the-Martyr on May 13, at which he played Sir Hubert Parry's fine Fantasia and Fugue in G.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr James Friskin and Mr Herbert Fryer have been appointed professors of the pianoforte at the Institute of Musical Art in New York.

The Rev. A. Aitken Crawshaw has been appointed curate of St. James's Parish, Carlisle.

Mr Sydney Shimmin has been appointed organist of Beaconsfield Parish Church.

Mr Samuel Webster has been appointed organist and choirmaster to Lady Cowdray's Church.

MARRIAGES

We offer hearty congratulations to:—

MISS ADA THOMAS, who was married on June 2, at the Brompton Oratory, to Sir Thomas L. Heath, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc., Joint Permanent Secretary to H.M. Treasury.

MISS GLADYS MOGER, who was married to Mr Philip Ashbroke, the Concert Agent, at Bath Abbey, on July 5.

MISS CLYTIE HINE, who was married to Mr John Mundy, the Violoncellist, in March.

MISS RACHEL COX, who was married to Mr Horace Marshall at Grayshot, on June 25.

THE REV. AITKEN CRAWSHAW, who was married to Miss Hirsch, in April.

MR HAROLD RHODES, who was married to Miss Hawkes on April 22.

MR AUBREY BRAIN, who was married to Miss Marion Beeley at Essex Church, Kennington, on July 23.

PRESENTATION TO MR T. F. DUNHILL

On Monday, May 18, the members of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Orchestral Society met at the house of the President, Sir Walter Parratt, in the Cloisters, Windsor Castle, to do honour to their retiring Hon. Conductor, Mr. T. F. Dunhill. The honour took the form of presents, not only as an appreciation of all the ungrudging interest that Mr Dunhill had shown in the Society as its Hon. Conductor, but also as a mark of congratulation on his recent marriage. Sir Walter Parratt, in handing Mr Dunhill a silver letter tray—"for cards of people he was loth to see and letters he did not want"—and a silver-mounted match bowl—"to encourage his vices"—voiced the minds of the members in speaking of his great regret at Mr Dunhill's retirement, gratitude for his keen co-operation with the Society, and sincere congratulations on his marriage. Mr Dunhill, "with his heart in his mouth" as he expressed it, was most appreciative of the action of the Society in giving him the presents. He briefly reviewed his connection with and interest in Windsor music during the last few years, and added that he looked forward to keeping in touch with his many friends in the neighbourhood.

Sir Walter also handed to Mrs Dunhill, whom the members were delighted to see, a beautiful bouquet, which she personally acknowledged.

Sir Frederick Dyson, the Hon. Secretary, and one of the original members of the Society, gave apologies for absence from Dr C. H. Lloyd and other members of the Society, and thanked Sir Walter Parratt for permitting the presentation to be made in his house—the home of famous musicians.

The Rev. Bernard Everett, Hon. Conductor of the Windsor and Eton Choral Society, spoke of the gap in the musical life of Windsor which Mr Dunhill's retirement meant, and emphasised the cordial sympathy in musical matters which he had always shown.

Knowing the Orchestra.*

(* "ORCHESTRATION." By Cecil Forsyth, M.A., Edin. Published by Messrs Macmillan & Co. Ltd., and Messrs Stanier & Bell Ltd. 21/- net.)

These are days in which the musical student is more often tempted to discard his artistic conscience than probably he ever was. The warnings which would help him are conspicuous by their absence, whereas there are hosts of examples which are extremely liable to occasion unrestraint in the composer who is in his development stage.

When Berlioz set out to write his *Treatise on Instrumentation*, it was less from a desire to fill thereby "a long-felt want" than to point the way to an understanding of the amazing development of the art of orchestration for which he himself of all people was the most responsible. His work was undoubtedly very opportune. One of the very first books of its kind, it was a great educational force; and its most signal service was that it encouraged a perfectly legitimate advance, and the breaking of new ground in a period when the latter was a more self-conscious, and therefore more difficult, achievement, than it is now.

In our own day, however, the young composer who is busying himself with the endless fascination of the modern orchestra stands less in need of the encouragement to be bold than he does of some counsel of restraint. He is not the most responsible of beings, be his intellect ever so finely poised: it is on the whole well that he should not be so. And he is singularly unlucky who is not impressionable. But let him at once appreciate and beware of the amazingly novel results of the genius of such a man as Stravinsky. Let a composer—more particularly one who is still at the impressionable time of life—go for the first time to hear the wonders of the Russian's orchestration, and then let him analyse his feelings if he can. Probably they will be very chaotic and disturbed, as they always will be after any new experience. Perhaps the analysis will merely result in his saying to himself, "But why shouldn't I score a tune for Bass-Tuba (with the cover of a Harp inside it) and a piccolo four octaves apart, and supply the necessary harmony with a Cor Anglais, a Horn, and a Cuckoo-instrument? It would be bound to sound." *Bound to sound!* Never was there belief of the novice on a more gigantic scale than this in the capabilities of the modern orchestra to respond to the wildest demands that may be made upon it. It leads to a treatment of the

orchestra very similar to Napoleon's use of his army. And by such treatment the generality of composers (who have neither the genius nor the right to behave like Napoleon) will arrive at their St. Helenas at a deplorably early time of life.

Just at present it seems that the cause of music will make huge demands for as many noble souls as can be discovered, who will be willing—perhaps helplessly so—to lay down their artistic lives on the altar of progress to a more definite and less transitionary epoch of the art. Everywhere there is a searching for everything and anything that looks or sounds new. It is in very modern orchestration that this easily dangerous tendency is markedly noticeable. And it may be reasonably feared that amongst those who give themselves up to this yearning after novelty, the crabbed age of moderation and the youth of irresponsibility do not live together. In such a time it is of the first importance that the composer should realise fully what respect he should have for the amazing emotional machine for which he writes.

No one could possibly read through Mr Cecil Forsyth's recently-published book on "Orchestration" without acquiring a great deal of this spirit of respect. If he will read it carefully, and refer to it when he is in doubt—as he must often be—he will know his trade better than he ever did before. And if hitherto he has been wandering in a country of which he has known really little, it will teach him what geography he ought to know, and what has been obscure to him will become clear.

That the composer should know more about the instruments than can possibly be gleaned merely from a casual acquaintance with their appearances and capabilities, that he should be aware of how they attained to their present day state, and know something of their predecessors, seems to be one of the main objects of the author. He insists on the importance of such knowledge in the student, who, he says, without it "is like a Lascar turned loose in a dynamo-house." The modern student, regarded as an orchestral writer, is too often a spendthrift. For him Mr Forsyth preaches and teaches economy. Or again, he may frequently and very naturally "trust to luck" when the "luck" takes the form of hard-working and experienced orchestral players, who, faced with an awkwardly-laid passage for instruments, leave out a note here and change one there, and act like Good Samaritans in innumerable small ways, rendering tolerably good what might otherwise have been intolerably bad.

But with this new book on "Orchestration" within his reach, the student should not be so haphazard. If he has not the gift of interpreting the good advice which is to be found in the scores of the great masters—that is, if he can only assimilate knowledge from words—then here is the book he most needs, and one which, having faithfully translated into plain, sound English, the golden advice of Mozart and the other giants who expressed their tremendous knowledge in musical terms, will probably be of more use to him than any book written on this subject hitherto.

The plan of the work is interesting and new. Most of the standard books on orchestration have begun with the Strings and ended with Percussion. Mr Forsyth, on the other hand, begins with Percussion and ends with the Strings—a procedure quite in harmony with the general aim of the book. Since "in the beginning was rhythm," and the author's intention is to explain what prevailed in the beginning of the history of the instruments, the adoption of this procedure is perfectly logical. Moreover, it possesses a further attribute: for if there be some pitiable people who, after reading the sixty-eight pages allotted to Percussion, may grow tired, and not "trouble" themselves to read further, they at least will have read the very chapter which contributes most to the salvation of artistic reputations; and the rest of humanity—or such part of them as may go to concerts—will be less oppressed by their treatment of the "Kitchen" than they might otherwise have been.

After the Percussion comes the Brass. In which section (as in the next, on the Wood-Wind) obsolete instruments come in for a certain amount of discussion. There may be some grumblers to whom the usefulness of the inclusion of these may not be quite apparent. But if they wish to extend their knowledge of old scores, they may see the good purpose served by the descriptions of such little-remembered instruments as the "Zinke," or the "Russian Bassoon." Moreover, it all adds to the wonderful completeness of the work.

Perhaps its very finest feature is the discussion and explanation of Strings, and String-technique. In his early attempts at orchestration, nothing baffles the student more than the distribution of the String-parts. What to do to prevent a thinness of sound in a string-passage of extended harmony perplexes him quite as much as the difficulty of dealing with trombones, and is, moreover of greater importance. He is also prone to look upon the violoncello either as a small brother

of the double-bass, never daring to go out of the latter's sight, or as a generous master to whom the double-bass is a rather elephantine servant, very anxious to keep by his master's side, but too often in the way. Mr Forsyth has used a very striking metaphor on the relationship of these two instruments. Bearing in mind Beethoven's emancipation of the violoncello, it is really a serious sin to make it return to slavery. One cannot fail to benefit enormously by a careful scanning of the Chapter on the Strings. But there is something to be learnt on almost every one of the five hundred pages of this book. In the hands of a less able writer the reading of such a lengthy volume might have been tedious. But throughout the course of his work, Mr Forsyth has scattered innumerable pregnant *dicta*, which remain in one's memory and keep the human interest alive.

We mention the illustrations last. They are extremely interesting, and are selected from the works of more than forty different composers, from Monteverde to Vaughan-Williams. Altogether they form one of the most remarkable features of a very remarkable book—one into which it is easy to imagine grey-beards peering, as much as the students to whom it is generally addressed. It will take its place as one of the finest volumes among the remarkable books which comprise "The Musician's Library," and, what is far more, certainly among the very few standard works on orchestration.

HERBERT HOWELLS.

The Patron's Fund

Two concerts have been given by the Patron's Fund during the year. The chamber concert in Æolian Hall on March 16 consisted of instrumental solos and songs. The only new work in the programme was a set of "Seven Poems for Pianoforte," by Ernest Austin, which the composer played. Miss Lillian Grace, Miss Lillian Burgiss, Miss Katie Lidbetter, and Mr Darrell Fancourt were the singers, Mr Vivian Langrish (piano), Miss Thelma Bentwich (violoncello), and Miss Annie Godfrey (violin) were the instrumentalists.

The orchestral concert took place in Queen's Hall on the evening of July 10, and made up for the uneventful programme which had preceded it by the performance of four new works in succession. Among them Collegians will notice with special interest a piano concerto by Herbert Howells, but each one of the new things well deserved its place in the programme, which we reprint.

1. TONE POEM *Punchinello* *John Greenwood*
2. CONCERTO for Pianoforte in C minor
Herbert Howells
Mr ARTHUR L. BENJAMIN
3. PRELUDE to an Unwritten Symphony
Percy E. Fletcher

4. SCENE for Baritone *Fra Giacomo* *Cecil P. G. Coles*
Mr CHARLES KNOWLES
5. CARNIVAL from Suite *Scènes de Ballet*
G. von Holst

Von Holst's suite was originally produced at the first of the Patron's Fund Concerts in St. James's Hall, May 20, 1904. The score and parts have now been published by the Fund (Novello), and performances in the Provinces, in Australia and America have been arranged.

The New Symphony Orchestra was engaged for this Concert, and each work was conducted by its composer, except the piano concerto, which Sir Charles Stanford conducted.

The Term's Awards

The following awards were made at the close of the Midsummer Term, 1914:—

COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50):—

A. Margaret Tensmann	(Piano	£5	10	0
Freda Rupp	}	£7	0	0
Mari Edwards (A.R.C.M.)		(Singing)	£5	10	0
Stanley S. Heaysman		£5	10	0
Margaret D. Middleton	}	(Violin)	£5	10	0
Melpomène Scaramanga		£7	0	0
Harold E. Wylde (A.R.C.M.)	..	(Organ)	£7	0	0
Ernest J. S. Moeran		(Composition)	£7	0	0

THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE (VALUE £3 3s.) FOR SINGING:—

Idwen Thomas (A.R.C.M.) (Exhibitioner).

MESSRS. W. E. HILL & SONS' PRIZE OF A VIOLIN, BOW AND CASE:—

Dora Garland (Scholar).

THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY ESSAY PRIZE:

Herbert N. Howells (Scholar)

THE SAVAGE CLUB EXHIBITION:—

Nellie I. R. Peacock (for one year).

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